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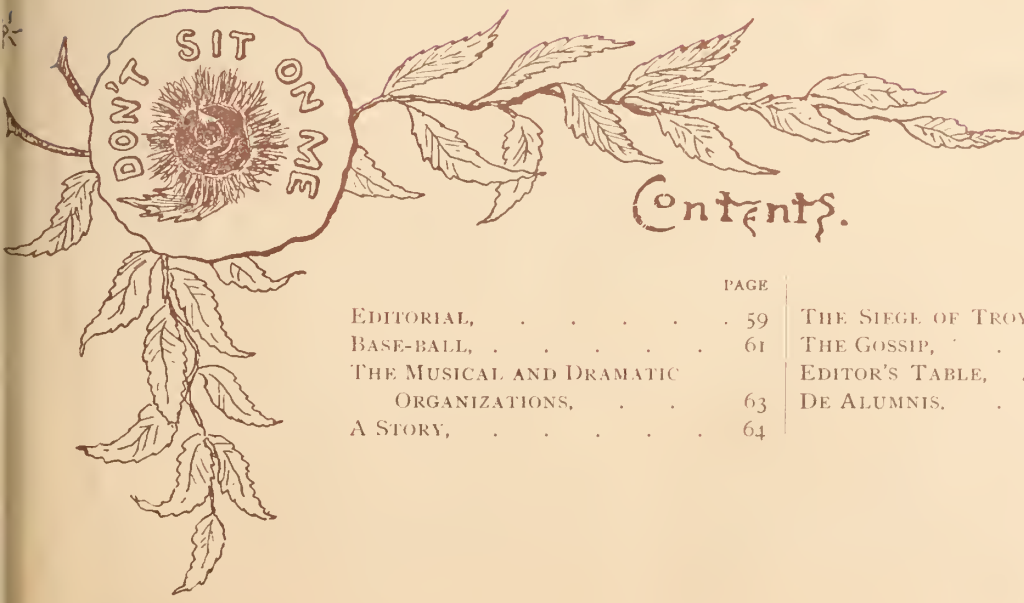
Dr W H Chandler jun 97

Lehigh

Burns

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THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. XVII.

MAY 4, 1898.

No. 7.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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E. B. WILKINSON, 1901.

Address, Editor-in-Chief, *pro tem*, 468 Chestnut Street, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Terms, \$2.25 per year; \$1.75 if paid before February 1st.

MR. RICHARD C. BECERRA has been elected Editor-in-Chief *pro tem*, during the absence of Mr. G. L. Robinson, and all business pertaining to the editorial affairs of THE BURR should be addressed to him.

WITH this issue the new Board assumes entire control and considering the circumstances it thinks itself entitled to a certain degree of indulgence. We are the epilogue of an experiment which though ill-judged and therefore unfortunate bore the stamp of good and honest endeavor. The originators were guided by praiseworthy motives, and whatever the results may have been it is only just to accord them a certain amount of recognition.

As to the future we still believe, notwithstanding the "*The Brown and White*," that THE BURR is to have a place and a distinguished place in the life of the University. It is Lehigh's true organ by age and tradition, and with the exception of a few short periods it has had a splendid past and we trust it will have a good future.

Some have said that literary ability, the true element of a paper like this, finds narrow limits at Lehigh, and we coincide with that opinion to a certain extent; but at the same time we do not believe it a reason for eradicating from its life one of the few factors which should fosten that merit. In more propitious

time, perhaps not far away, it would prove a powerful adjunct in its expansion, probably furthering the ends of those who wish to introduce a diversion in the aridness of an education purely technical.

In regard to the kind and paternal advice offered us by our colleague, we find ourselves, even in our acknowledged incompetence, still able to manage our affairs without interference from without.

WE have heard within the last few days, on very good authority, that the Mandolin Club is in a very critical condition, owing to the non-attendance of the members at rehearsals. Such a condition of affairs is very unfortunate, especially when we consider that this will probably interfere seriously with the proposed joint entertainment to be given in the first part of May.

The Club acquitted itself very creditably at the minstrel show in February, and it hardly seems right that so much hard and faithful work on the part of the leader and some of the members should go for naught, because of the seeming laziness and indifference of a majority of the club. When the Club was organized it was announced that any member that was absent from more than two rehearsals would not be allowed to take part in any of the proposed concerts, and we are quite certain that if this rule were strictly enforced,

Lehigh would be represented by not more than six or seven men out of an original club of twenty-five. Of course we hear the old plea "we have too much work to do," but this is entirely too old and familiar, and we fail to see why it is that if some can attend to their college work and their work for their college, all cannot do the same. We must all remember that besides studying and enjoying ourselves we owe a little to our Alma Mater, and to the maintenance of its traditions and organizations.

ON another page of this issue will be found a careful *critique* of our base-ball players and their records so far. After last year's anomalous toboganing, it is very gratifying to find our team showing a steady and firm improvement. It is not an extraordinary one, sudden and dashing, but rather a continued and serious tendency towards a goal of excellency. There has neither been a series of brilliant victories nor the darkening

contrast of a string of awful defeats, and it seems as though the coaching of Mr. Bannon, and a little time, had helped to mature our players and make us forget the very juvenile and spasmodic efforts of last year.

In looking over the field of college teams, we can without egotism say that ours is not very far from the best in excellence, and that we can expect a goodly number of victories.

THERE are a number of vacancies extant in the Editorial Board which, reverting to old methods, we propose to fill by competition. The requirements for admission are three accepted articles, and as we do not wish to limit the contestants, these can be on any topic. Of course we cannot help suggesting that college and college affairs furnish a wide field in which we hope the future contributors will find plenty of themes.

Those who wish to enter the contest should do so immediately, as it is our earnest desire to complete the Board as soon as possible.

POETIC PAINS

TO H. M. B.

Near a stream a poet sat,
—Poets always sit near streams—
Knowing not where he was at,
For he dreamed poetic dreams.

On the alphabet he dwelt,
Adding "apture" to each letter,
Seeking rhymes for what he felt
Since the happy day he met her.

"Bapture, flapture, slapture, capture;
Ah, I've got it, this is it."
But he analyzed his rapture,
And alas! it didn't fit.

Pearly tears stood in his eyes
And he sighed three mournful times,
Murmuring between his sighs:
"Can't I feel something that rhymes?"

—*The Morningside.*

BASE-BALL.

NOW that the base-ball season is fairly on, a number of minor games having already been played, the interested observer has had a chance to get a line on the several candidates for the various positions and to form an opinion as to the personnel of the team that will represent Lehigh in the more important contests of the season.

The most difficult problem for Coach Bannon and Captain Grace to solve is the filling of the two middle positions on the infield. Several different combinations of men have been tried at short-stop and second base, and changes are still constantly being made, so that at present it is not definitely known who will permanently play in these positions. E. Grace, '99, who has played left field on the team for the last two years, has shown the best form of any of the men who have been tried at short field. He has been playing a remarkably fast and steady game for one entirely new in the position; his throwing is hard and accurate and his only apparent weakness seems to be a slight tendency to fumble slow ground balls. The indications are that he will remain at short. He is one of the best hitters on the team.

The competition for second base has been very keen. Of the various candidates for the place, Reese, 1900, and Hollingsworth, 1900, have done the best work. Reese has a decided advantage in physique and was playing fairly well until he had his hand injured during the southern trip which has since kept him out of the game. Hollingsworth is occupying the position at present, but as yet has not had the opportunity to demonstrate his ability in an important game. His throwing in recent practice games has been rather unsteady. Both these men are weak hitters, with the odds in favor of Hollingsworth.

Lukens, 1900, who played several games at second base last year, is in college, but owing

to pressure of work has been unable to take any part in base-ball. He is a good hitter, and his last year's experience would give him a decided advantage over the other candidates. He will probably be able to play after the first of May.

In the pitching department White, 1900, is showing great form; he has more speed than last year and better control of the ball, and in the games so far pitched, has proved himself fairly invincible. The whole college is with White and all confidence is placed in his ability to carry the team to victory.

Spiers, '99, has been doing some of the work in the box. He has fair speed and is fast getting control of the ball. His inexperience, however, is apparent, especially in fielding his position. Alder, '01, is expected to strengthen the pitching department. Unfortunately he was ill before Easter and thus lost the benefit to be derived from early practice and the trip south. He is working now and is fast rounding into form.

Carman, '99, who has caught for Lehigh since entering college will fill that position again this year. He is an experienced catcher, and knows the game thoroughly. Thus far this year he has not been throwing as well as usual, but is steadily improving in that line. He led the team in hitting last year.

Horner, '98, will assist Carman behind the bat. Horner is a good back-stop and a hard worker. His throwing is strong but inaccurate. He is not a strong hitter.

Pomeroy, 1900, who played at short-stop last year, has been moved to third and is playing by far the best ball game of any of the old men. He is fielding with cleanness, his throwing is accurate, and in batting and base-running has improved immensely over his last year's form.

The candidates for first base are Gearhart, '01, and W. Grace, '99. Grace has played

first base since his freshman year, and his experience stands him in good stead. His fielding in recent games has been decidedly off color, which serious flaw has been, however, offset by his stick work. Gearhart is a steady fielder and throws better than Grace, but is very slow, Grace will probably play the position.

James, '01, is a fixture in center field. He covers lots of ground and is a sure catch. He came from the Lawrenceville school, where he played out field. He is a fair hitter and on bases is the fastest man on the team.

Reed, '98, who has played out-field for the last two years is sure of his position this year. If E. Grace remains at short field, Reed will play in the left field. Should Grace return to his old position in left, Reed will move over to right field, which is his old position. Reed is a sure catch and a strong thrower, but is not a strong hitter.

Just now Bailey, '99, is being tried in right field. He is a fair hitter and sure catch, but does not cover very much territory in the field.

Rodney, 1900, is also a good fielder and a fine thrower, but he is not a good hitter. At present he is doing some pitching and is showing fair form.

White will probably be seen in right field when not pitching, as he can field the position well and is a stronger hitter than the other candidates for this position.

It now appears that the team that will try to uphold Lehigh's honor in base-ball this season, will be selected from the above mentioned men. Just what its strength will be, both individually and collectively, and how it will compare with other college teams remains to be seen. The showing made in the games already played has been satisfactory, and under the guidance of Coach Bannon and Captain Grace much is to be hoped for from the team.

BALLAD OF REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

ADAPTED BY F. W. S. L.

I've "submitted" my verse and my prose
To the editors' "reading machines,"
Yet my name's unfamiliar to those
Who subscribe for the best magazines.
I began to write verse in my teens,
By the light of sweet Sappho's face;
Now what is it the editor means
By "We're sorry we haven't the space?"

Here are madrigals written to Rose—
'Tis for Rose that my preference grows;
Here are triolets, rondels, rondeaux,
And the charms they portray to our foes.
Here's a "Plea for our Gallant Marines,"
'Twas the admiral "stated the case,"
Pray, what is it the editor means
By "We're sorry we haven't the space?"

Here are tales quite as ghastly as Poe's,
And weird legends, the "limit" still screens,
But I fain to the world would disclose,
So I clasp my portfolios.
But just here a grim thought supervenes,
Does my style lack acceptable grace?
And is that what the editor means
By "We're sorry we haven't the space?"

—*The Fulcrum.*

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ORGANIZATIONS.

THIS year there is to be a departure made from what has formerly been done by our musical and dramatic organizations, namely that the performance this year is to be participated in by the three organizations, and it would not be out of place to give a slight *resumé* of what the different clubs are doing.

First let us look at the Mustard and Cheese. It is a matter of great regret that the play "All the Comforts of Home," had to be given up because of the lack of interest and non-support of the students. This is a thing that has never happened before, and one that we hope may never happen again. However, instead of being discouraged, those few men who were earnest and sincere have decided to give a one act farce in conjunction with the Mandolin and Glee Club's performance. The farce is entitled "Off the Stage," and is a decidedly well-written and a remarkably comical one. The men are now practicing and rehearsing daily under a competent coach, and President George promises that the performance will be just as well gotten up as any that has ever been put on the stage by the Mustard and Cheese, and we all know what that means. Let us congratulate those men who have shown so much interest in the welfare of our dramatic club, and wish them every success in their coming performance.

Next let us take up the Mandolin Club. When this club gave its first performance at the minstrel show, it was acknowledged by all that they made one of the greatest hits of the evening. They had mastered all the selections, kept excellent time, and all around seemed to be in first-class form. Since that time the club has been rehearsing steadily, and now they have as fine a lot of selections as could be wished for. The leader, Mr. Newton, has been untiring in his efforts to give us a club that could uphold the reputations of our former clubs, and although the standard is high, we feel sure that he will succeed. The other members of the club also (with one or

two exceptions) have been very faithful in attending rehearsals, and to them is due a great deal of credit.

This club is as large as, if not larger than, the clubs of the larger colleges, and we can judge for ourselves, after the performance, whether the quality is as good. But let us be well assured that we will not be disappointed, but will be truly proud of our Mandolin Club.

And now comes the Glee Club. As we all know, we had no glee club last year, a deplorable state of affairs, but it is true. However, this year a few men got together and decided that they would form a glee club. They made a "call for volunteers," and the result was surprising. At the first meeting there were more than enough to form a first-class club, and so work was at once started, and they were fortunate enough to get Professor Wolle for a coach. This fact in itself is enough to assure us all that we will have a good club, for we know what Professor Wolle has done with our clubs in the past. The club now numbers about twenty-five, and all these, with the exception of about four who persist in doing the "shyster" act, are working hard and conscientiously. The parts are very evenly balanced, and the men are rapidly rounding into form. Perhaps the weakest part is the first tenor part, and it is to be regretted that the men who do the most "shyshtering" are the first tenors. The base parts are particularly strong and full, and if the first tenors will just come to the rehearsals from now on, we may be sure of having a well-balanced and a first-class club.

The date for this performance is not definitely decided, but it will probably be on either the sixth or the seventh of May, and it is sincerely hoped that the students will give their loyal support, for those taking part deserve to have their efforts awarded by knowing that the students are right with them, and will help make the performance a success.

A STORY.

WHEN Dick left for college he was one of the most popular boys in his native town—tall, broad-shouldered, athletic, a favorite with all who knew him.

This popularity of Dick's was very general and among his girl friends Ruth, Alice and Bess could be numbered with the first.

Dick had known these three all his life and liked them all, too, in his hearty, boyish way. And they thought a good deal of him, in fact, each one of them cared for Dick much more than any of the others supposed.

Along in Junior year at the time of the Prom, never having had a chance to entertain his friends before, Dick invited all three of them down to the dance. Two of the boys were delighted to look after Ruth and Bess while Dick was to take Alice himself.

The girls came on the day before the Prom, Mrs. Ainsworth, Ruths' mother, acting as the chaperone. The party stayed at the Chapter House, so Dick and his friends gave up their rooms for the use of the girls.

After the dance was over and all had returned to the house Dick stole down stairs into the library and dropping into a big leather covered chair mused a while on his three girl friends, all of whom had been so sweet to him that evening. As he sat and smoked before the snapping logs he thought of them one by one. Ruth was a dear little girl with big brown eyes, very gentle and kind, quite a motherly soul and just the kind a man would want to tell his troubles to. Dick thought a good bit of her for she seemed such a good, true friend. Then there was Bess, jolly, rollicking Bess, who said such quaint things, yet, so sincere with it all. The boys all liked Bess. She seemed more like one of them and was always so much interested in football, knowing the names and positions of the players in almost every college team. Dick could not help liking Bess.

Then he thought of Alice—tall, slender, with light brown hair and big blue eyes and such beautiful teeth, and so swell, and such an elegant dancer. She, for the moment, seemed the one he cared for most, but, when he began to think of them again he was still undecided and so determined to take a nap on the divan behind the screen not far from the fire.

It seemed only a minute or two before he was awakened by voices, girls' voices at that. Opening his eyes he could see through the chinks in the screen that the three girls had come down stairs in their tea gowns and were seated in front of the fire talking over the Prom. Of course he could not move, so he was forced to lie still and listen to their conversation which soon became uncomfortably personal.

"Wasn't it a swell dance?" "Yes, and didn't the boys treat us simply fine?" "I think these college dances are realy too swell for anything." "It's awfully sweet of Dick to have us down and I think he's lovely to have us," said Ruth after this general conversation had been going on for some time. This led to a most terrible talk for poor Dick behind the screen in which he learned that the three girls were in love with him. Finally after much talk Ruth began to cry and Bess got up and said, "well, if it comes to that, I'll withdraw from the race. His *is* a nice fellow, but I must say there *are* others." So out she marched leaving Alice and Ruth to talk him over to their hearts' content. This only lasted a little longer, for shortly they had unpleasant words and went up stairs in rather an angry frame of mind.

Poor Dick, waking his room-mate told him all about it, receiving little comfort for his trouble. In the morning all seemed well until Dick saw the three girls stealing curious and somewhat annoyed glances at him. They seemed to be looking at the back of his neck.

The poor man wondered what new torment he was to be afflicted with and could hardly wait until the breakfast was over to walk up stairs and find out what was the matter. On going

up stairs he found a large round tag, neatly pinned on his collar, thus inscribed, "Don't monkey with me, I'm not to be trusted."
The girls went home that noon.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.

(Modernized version.)

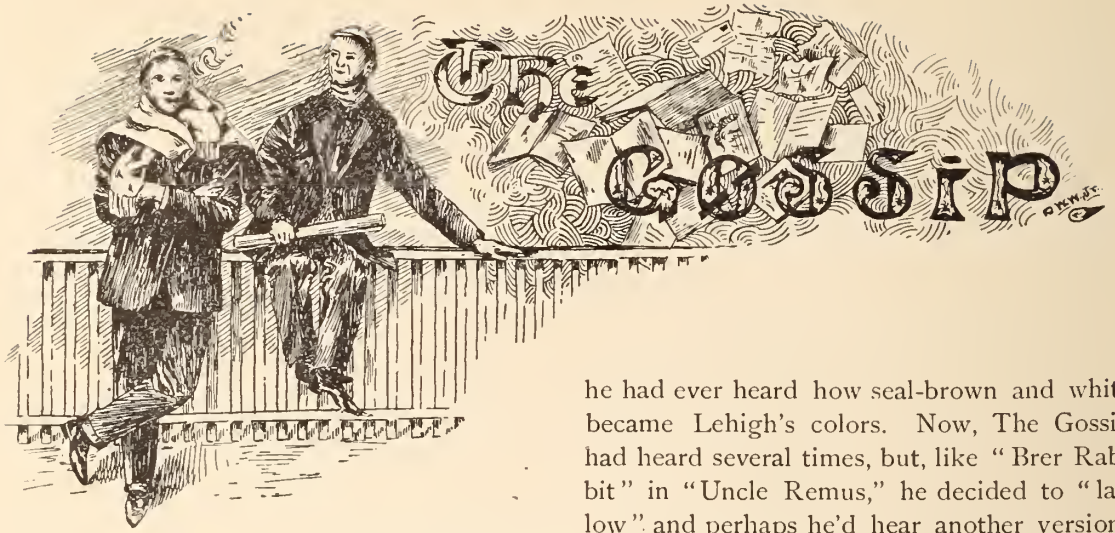
WHEN that gay young masher, Paris,
With fair Helen, skipped from Greece,
Menelaus raised a rumpus
And demanded her release.
He declared by Jove's grandmother
That he'd take Troy by the ears,
And he'd make a shade of Paris
If he had to wait ten years.
He swore he'd blow the citadel
All into smithereens.
He'd dynamite the blooming thing,
And rip it up the seams.
Then mustered up his "scrappers" bold,
The nation's martial joy,
And chartered a canal boat that
Was bound direct for Troy.

When they reached the mighty stronghold
Menelaus, with a dash,
Led his hosts against the ramparts
Full intent, the things to smash.
But alas! he erred in judgment.
For those walls were ten feet thick,
And the way his braves were routed
Made his heart grow faint and sick.

Then Achilles, reckless rascal,
Who was loafing in the rear
With a few old chosen comrades,
Playing cards and drinking beer,
Buckled on his three-ply armor,
And, with swear words quite profuse,

Waded into Priam's legions
Like a cyclone just turned loose.
First he uppercut poor Hector,
Sent him reeling o'er the Styx,
Then he thought he had the Trojans
In a mighty awkward fix.
But the vengeance of Apollo,
He was destined soon to feel,
For a little poisoned arrow
Gave him lock-jaw in the heel.

Menelaus, undiscouraged
By this blow which Fate had struck,
'Sieged the town and quoth with vigor:
"Now I'll starve 'em. Hang the luck!"
And the Trojans, thus imprisoned,
Driven to starvation's brink,
Fed poor Helen parchment pudding
And papyrus boiled in ink.
Then the cunning Menelaus
Sent a gift to Priam's gate;
'Twas a wooden horse on rockers,
Well equipped and up to date.
But this hobby steed grew frisky
When a trolley car he spied,
And old Priam lost his nerve
Every time the monster "shied."
This raised such a great commotion
That the gates were overlooked,
Then the Greeks rushed in triumphant
And the Trojans' "goose was cooked."



ONE morning last Summer, while The Gossip was home, he got up in time to eat breakfast with the rest of the family. This was unprecedented, and would never have happened had not his cousin, with the characteristic fun-loving propensities of her sex, sat down at the piano, about half an hour before breakfast, and awoke The Gossip with the loud strains of:

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?" etc.

and,

"Awake my soul, stretch every nerve," etc.

Now, The Gossip was weary, languid, and sore distrest, at hearing such music at this early hour, and he blankety blank blanked it through his entire vocabulary, then turned over and bankety blank blanked it, 'till his soul was awake, and every nerve was stretched.

He ate breakfast, forgave his cousin after a good deal of persuasion, then strolled down to the club to read the papers, and watch the girls on their way shopping.

There were several guests at the club, and one of them, seeing the Gossip's Lehigh pin, informed The Gossip that he was one of Lehigh's Alumni of the class of 'Eighty—. The Gossip and he of course began to talk Lehigh. The Alumnus told several incidents of his college days, and asked The Gossip whether

he had ever heard how seal-brown and white became Lehigh's colors. Now, The Gossip had heard several times, but, like "Brer Rabbit" in "Uncle Remus," he decided to "lay low" and perhaps he'd hear another version; so, despite the fact, that the blood of George Washington ran in his veins, he said "no," and the Alumnus began.

"It was during my Junior year that a college meeting was called to consider a change of colors for Lehigh, and a committee was appointed from the four classes to choose the most suitable ones. I was on that committee, and the task before us was a difficult one. We wanted a color or combination of colors which would never grow old, yet be different, if possible, from those of any other college.

"The committee met from time to time, they discussed, and tried combination after combination, but could never reach a decision. At last they decided to go over to Bethlehem, and end the matter without further discussion by making a choice.

"There was that year a Miss—, of Reading, at the Moravian Female Seminary. The day was rainy and windy, and, as you know, the crossing at the Lehigh Valley Railroad depot is a delightfully muddy place in wet weather. Just as we got to the depot she was crossing, daintily holding her skirts out of the mud. She was a very pretty girl, and naturally, all of us were watching her. A little puddle of water lay before her, and as she stepped over it, a narrow band of white against

a seal-brown stocking appeared for an instant, then the curtain fell.

"We exchanged glances, each one knew what was in the minds of the others, and there, in the wind and rain, seal-brown and white became Lehigh's colors." * * *

The Gossip hopes that those who have heard this incident before will forbear to ring their chestnut bells. He told it, as it was told him, for the benefit of some of the underclassmen who, perhaps, have not heard it before.

—'95.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE current number of *The College of Charleston Magazine*, besides other good samples of college literary genius, has a very amusing article entitled, "An Evening with Franklin." In this the author, while dozing on the grass of a Philadelphia park, has an interview with the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which comes down from its pedestal and engages in a very spirited dialogue.

In this dialogue the dreamer shatters a great many of the learned doctor's wise sayings.

For instance, he shows "Ben" how illogical are some of his proverbs by proving the astounding statement that "gold is not gold," which he does by the following reasoning:

All that glitters is not gold,
Gold glitters,
Gold is not gold.

In this strain of original banter the conversation continues till in speaking of "friends" the doctor refers to them as being "fickle as weather-cocks." To this the author replies with the following anecdote:

"Weather-cocks are not always fickle," said I, "and hereby hangs a capital good story. One of my friends, who is of a very feeble constitution, was obliged to spend last winter in Boston, and suffered severely from its cold, bleak climate. One beautiful day he shut himself up in his study, with a hot coal fire, and every window tightly closed, although the weather outside was exceedingly mild and agreeable. One of his friends, missing him, came to inquire why he was not out in the sunshine enjoying the beautiful, balmy weather. My friend, by way of answer, pointed to a vane

on a neighboring church steeple, which indicated that the wind was from the east, and said that he never went out in an east wind. His visitor, however, persisted that the wind had been constantly from the south, and upon examination it was found that the weather-cock was rusty and needed oiling, and had not moved for three weeks. So you see, Doctor, my friend had been kept a prisoner all on account of a rusty weather-cock, which was by no means fickle."

After an expostulation against such levity on the part of the doctor, the conversation ends by the sudden awakening of the dreamer.

This story is very clearly written, and is interesting throughout.

* * *

The current number of *The University Cynic*, the literary paper of The University of Vermont, has some good verse in it. The piece which is dedicated to the month is especially good.

APRIL.

She stands at the gate at spring-time,
Her hands stretched either way;
One smoothing the locks of Winter,
One warm in the clasp of May.

Her hair the breezes are tangling,
As they chant their ceaseless tune,
Now rough as December wrangling,
Now soft as the breath of June.

At her feet is the mayflower smiling
Besides the glistening rill
From the clustering hemlocks gliding
Where the snow-bank lingers still.

And the mist of her tears down falling,
 To a thousand reeds give birth,
 And the ray of her sunlike smiling
 Awakens the sleeping earth.

* * *

The Morningside sustains its good reputation for its verse by the following:

RONDEAU.

Into my heart I peered today,
 I peered as any maiden may,
 And sure it was a gladsome sight,
 No gaps to stop, no wounds to stay.

For though full many a gallant gay
 Has armed himself for cupid's fray,
 Yet none the road has seen aright
 Into my heart.

The maid is heartless, these may say.
 But none can be more wrong than they
 For I can see a chamber bright
 Where free from care and all affright
 Safe may he rest who'll win his way
 Into my heart.

The Table has lately received a copy of *The Mining Bulletin* which is published for the benefit of the mining industry by a board of professors and instructors of "The Pennsylvania State College." Its aim is to furnish interesting reading matter on all mining and metallurgical subjects, and The Table would advise all those students who are taking either course to give its contents their attention.

It is issued on the first day of the months of January, March, May, July, October and December, and is sent to any one desiring a copy. Altogether it is a laudable effort, and The Table wishes it success.

"Her Greek-shaped head was classic,
 Her pose was rhythmic, sweet;
 I thought her lines were perfect
 Until I scanned her feet."

—Ex.



—S. D. Warriner, '90, is general superintendent of the Calumet & Hecla Mining Co.

—O. Rickert, '88, division engineer of the Wyoming region for the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., is located at Wilkes-Barre.

—W. R. Van Liew, '95, has resigned the position of chemist for the Anaconda Copper Mining Co., to accept a position under the White Knob Copper Co., Houston, Idaho.

—Robert C. Segur is with the Philadelphia, Iron Works.

—J. E. Brooks, '95, is with the Schiffler Bridge Co., of Pittsburg, Pa.

—A. E. Yohr, '97, is located at Saxton, Pa. with the B. T. M. R. R.

—H. S. Johnson, '97, is with the Niagara Falls Power Company, Niagara Falls, New York.

—J. W. De Moyer, '90, is a Supervisor for the Pennsylvania Railroad and is situated at Pine Grove, Pa.


THE LEHIGH BURR.

COMPOSURE.
SUNDAY.


Sound sleeps the wearied student,
Within his campus room,
'Tis after ten—he does not hear
The church bells warning boom.
Contentment's smiles now play about
His mouth and tight closed eyes;
(Without, the scurrying church-bound crowd)
How peacefully he lies.

MONDAY.
"Church papers due by 1 p.m.,"
This notice meets his eyes;
He takes a blank and fills it out—
How peacefully he lies.—*Yale Record.*

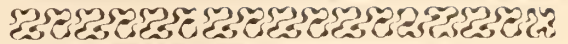

Like as a plank of drift-wood
Tossed on the watery main,
Another plank encounters,
Meets, touches, parts again.
So tossed and drifting ever
On life's eternal sea,
We meet,—and greet,—and sever.
Parting eternally. —*Selected.*



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MATHEMATICAL 

 INSTRUMENTS.

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